DAKOTA CITY HERALD.

"NO KING BUT GOD—NO COUNTRY BUT THE SOIL OF FREEDOM."

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[From the Watchman and Reflector.

THE SACRIFICE.

"There, Mary—now don't you think I deserve to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man as he dropped down in the lady's palm half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes, you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up her sweet face, beaming with smiles, as a June day with sunshine.

"Thank you, thank you for the very flattering words. And now dear, I want you to have the cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to see how you look in it."

"But Edward," gazing seriously at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, "you know we are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No, it is not, either. You deserve the cloak, Mary, and I've set my mind upon your having it. Then, it'll last you so many years, that it will be more economical in the end than a less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction. She made no further attempt to refuse her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces, as she rose by saying "Well dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be hungry."

Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was a book keeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in the suburbs of the city, for within its walls dwelt two lives that were set like music to poetry, keeping time to each other. And here dwelt, also, that peace which God giveth to those who love Him.

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair rose was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seamstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last six months. She was always attracted by her young bright face, her modest, yet dignified manner, and now the lady saw at once that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the prompting of a warm impulsive heart, she went to her and laid her hand on her arm, saying softly, "Won't you tell me what is troubling you Janet?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while the tears swelled in her eyes from the effort she made to speak.

"But perhaps I can. At any rate you know it does good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve because of your distress."

And so with kind words and half caressing movements, of the little hand, laid on the seamstress' arm, Mrs. C. drew from her lips her sad story.

She was an orphan, supporting herself by her daily labors, and she had one brother, just sixteen, three years her junior. He had been for some time a kind of an under clerk, in a large wholesale establishment, where there was every prospect of his promotion; but he had seriously injured himself in the summer by lifting some heavy bales of goods, and at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him in so exhausted a state that the Doctor despaired of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him more Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away there, among strangers, in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls from the forehead which mama used to be so proud of. O—George—my darling, bright faced little brother George," and here the poor girl broke down in a storm of tears.

"Poor child, poor child," murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming with tears. "How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and return?" she asked at last.

"About thirty dollars. I have'nt so much money in the world. You see its nearly four hundred miles off, but I could manage to support myself after I got there."

A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still a few moments, her blue eye fixed in deep meditation. At last she said kindly, "Well, my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you," and the warm cheerful tones comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces out of her ivory port-monnaie. There was a brief, sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she thought, "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then, there's that dying boy lying there with strange faces all about him, and longing, as the slow hours go by, for a sight of his sister that loves him, and would not the thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old broadcloth is not so bad, if it's only turned. And, I'm sure, I can bring Edward to my way of thinking. No, you must go without a cloak this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the port-monnaie resolutely, and went down stairs.

"Janet, put up your work this moment—there is no time to be lost. Here is the money. Take it and go to your brother."

The girl lifted up her eyes a moment almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then, as she comprehended the truth, the cry of such joy broke from her lips, that its memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

"George! George!" The words lesped from her lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where the youth lay, his white, sharpened face, gleaming death-like from amidst the thick yellow curls.

He opened his large eyes suddenly—a flush passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms: "Oh Janet! I have prayed God for the sight of you once more before I die."

"His pulse is stronger than it has been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue," said the Doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visit through the wards of the hospital.

"His sister came yesterday and watched with him," answered the attendant, glancing at the young girl who hung breathless over the sleeping invalid.

"Ah, that explains it. I'm not certain but that the young man has recuperative power enough left to recover, if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months, which love alone can furnish."

How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies.

In a day or two, George was removed to a quiet, comfortable private home, and his sister installed herself as his nurse and comforter.

Three years have passed. The shadows of the night were drooping already around—Mrs. Clark sat in her chamber, humming a nursery tune to which the cradle kept a sort of rhythmic movement. Sometimes she would pause suddenly to adjust the snowy blankets around the face of the little slumberer, shining out from its brown curls as red apples shine out amid fading leaves in October orchards. "Sh—sh," said the young mother, as she lifted her finger with a smiling warning as her husband entered.

"There's something for you, Mary. It came by express this afternoon;" he said the words in an undertone, placing a small packet in her lap.

The lady opened the packet with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulder and watched her movements.

A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark discovered a small elegantly chased hunting watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring, the case flew back and on the inside was engraved these words: "*To Mrs. Mary Clark. In token of the life she saved.*"

"O, Edward, it must have come from George and Janet Hill," exclaimed the lady, and the quick tears leaped into her eyes—"You know she's been with him ever since *that* time, and she wrote me last spring, that he'd obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm. What exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for itself either."

"Well, Mary, you were in the right then, though I am sorry to say, I was half vexed with you, for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've not had one yet."

"No, I've not had one yet, but I've never regretted it." She said the words with her eyes fastened admiringly on the beautiful gift.

"Nor I, Mary, for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O, say those words again, Edward.—Blessed be God for them," added the lady, fervently.

The husband drew his arm around his wife and murmured reverently, "Blessed be God, Mary, who put it in your heart to do this good deed."

Respect to the Aged.

Bow low thy head, boy. Do reverence to the old man.

Once like you, vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you.

Once that heart beat with incidents co equal to any you have ever felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as perhaps you are destined to be.

Once that form moved proudly through the gay scenes of life; now the hand of Time that withers the flowers of yesterday has warped the figure and destroyed the noble carriage.

Once at your age he possessed the thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a nook in fame, anon imagining life a dream, that the sooner he awoke from the better. The time to awake is now very near at hand; yet his eye kindles at noble deeds of daring and the hand makes a firmer grasp of the staff.

Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

☞ Why was there a panic in the early days of Moses? Because there were rushes on the banks, and Pharaoh's daughter withdrew a valuable deposit.

☞ Some of the savage tribes wear bells on their noses. We have sometimes, at crowded soirees, had *belles* on our *faces*—and didn't like the fashion.

Mr. Brown's Mishaps.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty five or thereabout, one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grown up and die in this world of ours.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matter of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five, who ran up to him exclaiming

"Father I want you to buy me some more candy."

"Father?" was it possible that he a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

"Who were you speaking to my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you father," said the little one surprised.

"Really," thought Mr. Brown, "this is embarrassing."

"I am not your father, my dear," he said, "what is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.

"What a funny father you are," she said, but you are going to buy me some candy."

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Mr. Brown nervously.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl "just see how much candy father has bought for me."

"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."

"Jones—I—madame," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake, I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown, of W———, and this is the first time I ever came into this city."

"Good heavens! Mr. Jones what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife."

Mrs Jones' tone was now defiant, and this tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

"I haven't any wife, madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, never was married."

"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones, but mine is Brown, madame, and always was."

"Melinda," said the mother, suddenly, taking her child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, Melinda who is this gentleman?"

"Why, that's father!" was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his.

"You hear that Mr. Jones do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? But I presume you never saw her before in your life."

"I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribed your child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me to the cold charities of the world? And is this your first step?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer, of Brown.—"She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her."

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones ain't it?"

"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife a fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."

Poor Brown was dumbfounded.

I wonder, thought he, whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones, and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I am Jones. In spite of all I will insist that my name is Brown.

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw that there was no use to prolong the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"Why are you not going yourself?"

"Why, no, why should I?"

"Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" said the whip.

"I—I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown.

"Where would you like to be carried?"

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs Jones.

"I don't know where that is," said Brown.

"No. 19. H——— street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptously at Mr. Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones said the lady, "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove me."

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Brown with some anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs Jones.

"Then," said he, resignedly, "I suppose I am, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth I haven't any recollection of this house."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Brown in form, feature and every other respect!

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "which—which is my husband.

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that, after all, he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot.

Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened—He is afraid of his identity.

The Census.

Next year is the time for taking the U. S. Census. The imperfect manner in which censuses have been taken, may in a great measure be avoided, by a little attention this fall. The idea is well urged by a southern editor thus:—"Now what we suggest is, that each farmer this fall, as he gathers his crops shall keep something like accurate accounts of the quantity and value of the same; and, if he will take the trouble to make out the statement of the names and ages of his family; the number of acres of land, cleared and timbered; the number and ages of his servants; the number and value of his horses and mules; the number of bales of cotton, barrels of corn, bushels of wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, &c., and the value of each, and leave it in some place where any member of the family who may be at home when the Deputy Marshal shall call, can readily get hold of it, it will save time to all concerned, and very greatly assist to make the census returns perfect, complete and satisfactory.

Who Will Move the Crops!

A correspondent of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Express, throws some light on this vexed question:

Here is lady No. 1, with ten acres of wheat gracefully thrown around her person—twelve bushels to the acre. Ten times twelve are one hundred and twenty, at eighty cents a bushel. 120x80—$96.

Lady No 2 toddles under four tons of hay at seven dollars and a half per ton. 4x7.50—30. She stands erect, as stiffly as I see Norwegian women every day with a load of kindling wood on their heads.

Lady No. 3 sweeps the path and the circumjacent dog fennel with a train in which is exhibited one yoke of steers at $35—$70.

Lady No. 4 is enrobed in twenty acres of corn, forty bushels to the acre, worth 30c a bushel: 800x30—$240.

Lady No. 5 has a male colt suspended from each ear, at $15—$30.

Gentleman No. 1 wears in his fob a span of matched bays, $300.

Gentleman No. 2 studs his shirt bosom with three hogsheads of tobacco, and is oiled and fumed with six bushels of onions.

Gentleman No. 3 gets fuddled on 1 cwt of hemp, begins dinner with dessert and eats up to fish.

Gentleman No. 4 flourishes a cue, and buries himself from morning until night, and from night until morning, with bagging a splendid crop of wheat in the pockets of a billiard table.

☞ "I am certain, madam, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, sir, you shouldn't carry betting *to such extreme lengths*."

Finding Fault with your Children.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition, both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy.—Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

Cure for Hydrophobia and Poisonous Snake Bites.

There have been a multitude of remedies published for hydrophobia and for bites from poisonous snakes; but the medical faculty have not found any of them infallible. This is particularly true of hydrophobia—the most terrible malady with which the human frame can be afflicted. It has, we believe, become to be conceded that profuse draughts of ardent spirits, if promptly taken, will in most cases, prevent any fatal result from rattlesnake-bites; but hydrophobia is still held to be incurable. We have no hesitation, therefore, in publishing the following, because, even if the recipe given shall not prove all that is claimed, a trial can do no harm:

ALBANY, August 13, 1859.

To the Editors of the Evening Journal:—

In perusing this morning's paper, I observed a case of hydrophobia, which thus far has been a stumbling block for physicians in general to overcome. I feel in duty bound, gentlemen, as I am in possession of an infallible remedy for that most to be lamented disease, here to make it public, especially when attended with scarcely any expense, hoping those afflicted will make timely use of it:

RECIPE.—Dissolve a pint of common table salt in a pint of boiling water, scarify the part affected freely, then apply the salt water with a cloth as warm as the patient can bear it, repeating the same for at least an hour.

The recipe has been successfully applied for the bite of rattlesnakes. Hoping thus to be instrumental in rescuing human life.

I am, gentlemen, yours most respectfully,

RENATUS BECHMANN.

The Chicken-Eaters at Saratoga Springs.

The wonder is how the hosts here manage, year after year to make both ends meet.—Their guests, with appetites sharpened by the waters, eat enormously. At our breakfast this morning our party unanimously devoted themselves to broiled chickens, which are well served withal, and I had the curiosity to observe that while I ate one and a half, my wife, (would you believe it?) ate three; my sister-in-law, who (vet to be married) preserves a delicate appetite, ate half of one; the robust male traveling companion of our party ate two, while the baby and the nurse spoiled two more. Thus our family was responsible for nine chickens, which at New York market prices (to say nothing of the concomitants,) would amount to two dollars or more. Our neighbors at the table all seemed to do as well as we. But the landlords here, who would be ruined at the New York prices I have named, manage their purchases better. Vermont is their foraging ground for chickens, which edible one man supplies to Congress Hall by contract, at the uniform rates of 36 cents per pair—say 500 pairs daily.—Last year the contract was at 20 cents each.

[*Letter from Saratoga.*

☞ Beecher don't like solemn people.—"There are not a few," he says, "who even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts, and joyousness from their countenance. I meet one such not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me and all that passes, such a rayless and chilling look of recognition; something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to doom every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes began to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it.

"RED IRON ARRESTED.—The notorious Sioux chief Red Iron, engaged in the Spirit Lake massacre, has been arrested and is now in jail in New Ulm. Two indictments have been found against him—one for murder and one for theft.—*Mankato (Minn.) Record.*

☞ Arkansas is a queer country. If you go there with a five dollar gold piece, they tar and feather you for being a rich man. If you are poor, they will give you fever and ague, and let it kill you.

[From the Newark Mercury.

Extraordinary Elopement.

A NEW JERSEY EDITOR RUNNING OFF WITH HIS WIFE'S SISTER—ANTECEDENTS OF THE PARTIES.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned recently in a quiet town on the line of the New Jersey Central Railroad, by the elopement of the editor of one of the village papers with the sister of his wife. The circumstances of the case, though not mysterious, are remarkably singular, and afford a striking illustration of the frailty of our human nature. Mr. V., the editor in question, is a gentleman some thirty-five years of age, enjoying a good position in society, and for the last ten or twelve years has been a member in high standing of a Christian church. In his family relations he has been, it is believed, more than usually happy. In his children, two in number, he has always manifested the greatest pride and delight, and we who have seen him in his home, would never have supposed that any infatuation whatever could induce him to abandon the comforts and enjoyments of the household circle. In his business Mr. V. has been successful, and it is not known than any embarrassment menaced him therein.

The lady who accompanies him in his guilty flight is probably twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and is as stated, a sister of his wife. She possesses the charm of beauty, and has moved in highly respectable circles—her family being one of the best in the county where they reside. Until recently, it was never suspected that any improper intimacy existed between the two, and indeed, it is believed that the whole affair was of sudden growth. Some days before the elopement, Mr. V. made sundry purchases of jewelry, &c., which it is believed he presented to the object of his criminal affection—the articles being obtained on credit.

The first positive information which the friends received of the elopement came in the shape of a letter from the fugitives, announcing their flight, and that it would be useless to pursue them, as, when the letter reached its destination, they would have left for California. The husband left a letter for his wife, stating that sufficient money had been left behind to maintain her for a time, and adding, that if successful in the Golden State, he would remit to her, from time to time, such means as she might need. The flight being thus sudden, and the discovery producing very naturally an astounding effect, pursuit was of course out of the question, and the deserted wife and little ones, upon whom scarcely a sorrow has ever fallen, are left to grieve alone and in despair at the hearth at which the father's face will, in all probability, never again appear.

What causes have operated to produce this catastrophe—the alienation of a husband from the wife of his love, the surrender of happiness and good name, and the abandonment, more than all, of the purity and peace of an unspotted Christian life—it is impossible, of course, to comprehend. The facts only can be stated, and the world, whose judgments are seldom too lenient to offenders, must discover for itself the cause of the sad and sudden fall. And could the world, with its hundred greedy eyes, follow the course and read the future of the fugitives, mayhap it would be discovered that in this, as in other instances of like nature, the sin carries its own punishment with it, mingling its bitter with every sweetened cup.

What Constitutes a Rich Man.

Thirty years ago, says a New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, a man in New York was extremely rich who was worth $200,000, and very few in New York was worth that. There was that old Nat Prime, of the firm of Prime, Ward & King, John G. Coster, Robert Lenox, Stephen Whitney, men worth a quarter of a million. Old John Jacob Aster was worth three or four millions. The richest men were connected with commerce. There were then five or six leading commercial firms, such as G. G. & S. Howland, Goodhue & Co., Grinnel, Minturn & Co., and Spofford & Tileston. Now there are many hundred of leading firms and a man worth only $250,000 is considered a man in "moderate," not to say, "indigent" circumstances. Wm. B. Astor is worth thirty-five millions; Geo. Law is worth ten millions; so is Stephen Whitney. Commodore Vanderbuilt not less than eight millions. Dozens of people are worth five millions, and *mere "millionares"* are quite common; and to furnish the Courier with a list of this poor class would use up several columns. Our old merchants, who became very rich, never made it in trade.—When they had done a good years business, they drew out $3,000 or $4,000 and bought real estate. I passed a lot yesterday that the present owner once paid $3,000 for, and has refused $200,000 for it a dozen times. The profits of the merchants, small or large, invested from year to year, years ago, have made them vastly wealthy without their exactly comprehending how it was.

☞ A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes from Gentry County, Missouri, that that county can furnish more emancipationists than any other north of the Missouri, and that in the course of five years they can elect their candidates with ease.—Three years ago no one dared utter a word in opposition to Slavery; now it is boldly denounced as the greatest of curses. There are not more than two or three hundred slaves in the whole county, which is almost as large as the State of Rhode Island.

☞ Mrs. Harris says her darter Jane was only married a little over a year, when she had two boys, both were sons. Smart gal that.